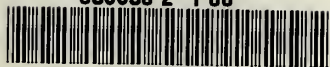


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The Reflector

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Boston College



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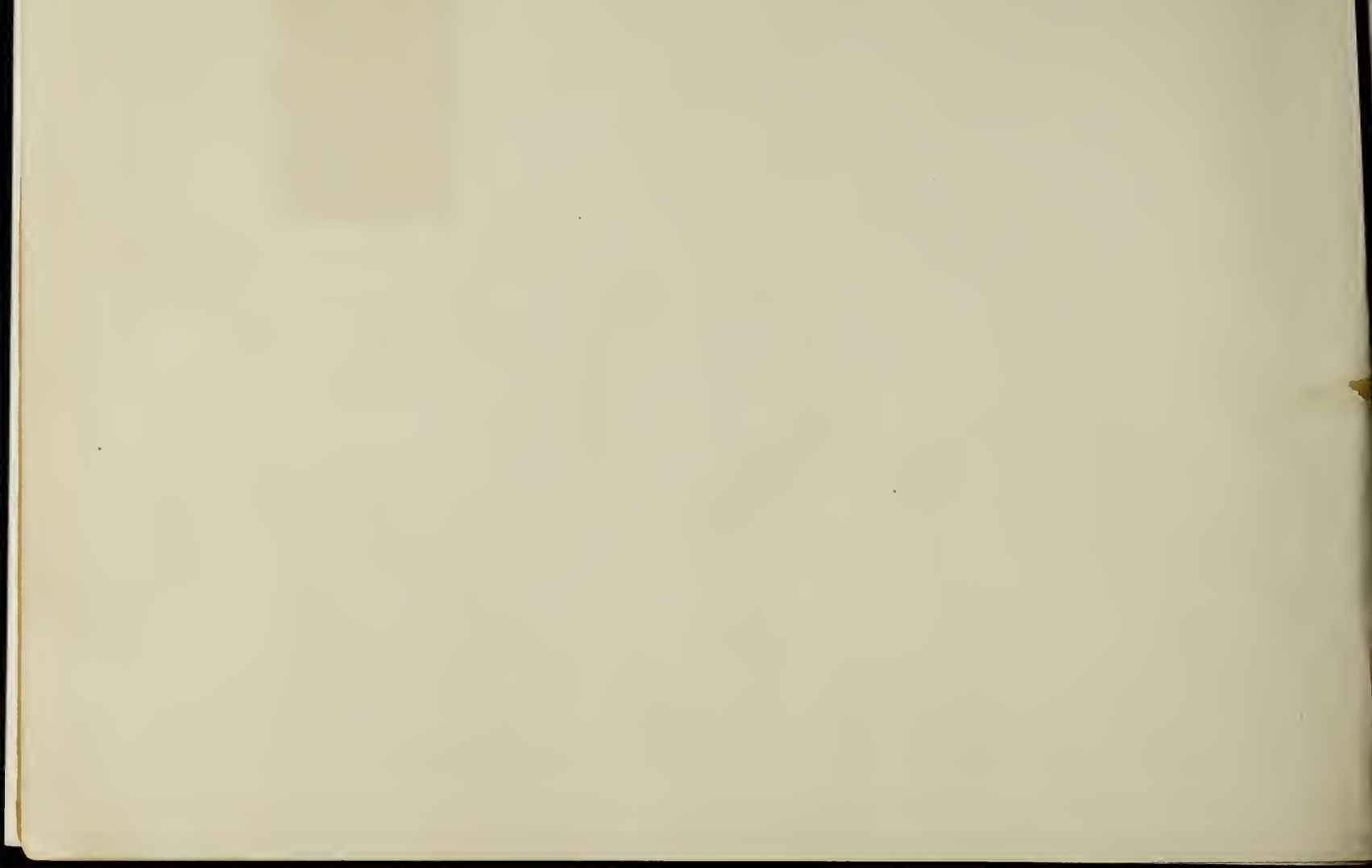
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The Reflector

Published
By The Senior
Class of
Gresham College
1904
Vol. I



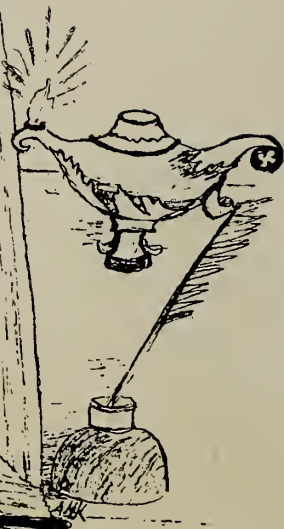


GOSHEN Greeting

The class of '04
takes pleasure in
presenting the first
volume of the Reflector.
We have attempted by
word and picture to
make it as its name
indicates a reflector
of all that has been
done, felt, and thought
in school during
the year.

We trust that in
years hence this
volume will be a
token of remem-
brance which will
bring to our minds
the friendships
and joys of the
school days in
Goshen College.

J. G. Hartley
Editor-in-Chief
Anna H. Hauffman
C. E. Bender
C. Henry Smith
L. H. Rickett
Bus. Man





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Class Flower: White Rose

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Motto: "Nosce te."

Class Colors: Royal Purple and Old Gold

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J. F. Ebersole



A ROOM IN THE LADIES' DORMITORY

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Motto: "By Labor and the Help of God We Conquer."

Class Colors: Royal Purple and White

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Lettie Cripe

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Ella Musselman

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Barbara Allgyer

Membership { Anna Autenreith
Minerva Kessler



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Motto: "We learn to do by doing."

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Das Motto: „Immer Deutsch.“

Die Offiziere:

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Guy H. Rutt

Fannie E. Coffman

Jonathan M. Kurtz

Dictionary

Diameter — "Something straight across something round." - J. S. H.

Dormitory—A place from which boys are eradicated at 10:00 P. M.

Executive Committee—An office created for the special benefit of the slighted Juniors.

An Orator—"A. C. Ramseyer, the most ghastly, yelling fellow you ever heard."—M. E. H.

Field-glass—A machine to get^a a good view of "Sunday-afternoon-birds."—E. J. Z.

Flunk—"A failure in rising above 'C' level."

Reading-room—"A good place to have a 'blowout'."—E. A. G.

A Goat—Strong butter.

Your Den—The best place to be about 10:00 P. M.

Pie—A noun, (obsolete). In earlier times used as a luxury, but now is very seldom seen at the College.

Freight-trains—"Good things to give us a rest in the English class."

Oats - The thing that makes horses in the country and students at the College."

The Octave—Eight boys rooming at the Kauffman home; not to be superseded in any respect, especially in philosophy, taffy, sleighrides, ice cream and new hats.

The Woods—A school established for the study of "nature".

Office of the Preceptress—An elegant place for two of a kind to alleviate heart aches.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS

BY H. F. REIST



IN the midst of the daily activities and ceaseless demands of life, we as students and friends have assembled on this occasion. And surely there never was a time when we were more in need of a brief respite in some chosen refuge, some inviolate sanctuary, from the cares and anxieties of our daily existence, than at this hour, when a moment in life meaneth so much. We need a little breathing space occasionally to rest from our anxious thoughts, to free our minds from the perplexities and solicitudes of a strenuous life. Here we may best hope to find that quietude which we are seeking.

This is an age characterized by material progress. It seems as if nothing were left undisturbed in this steady advance. Even this college building with its immediate surroundings, which is dear to us because of its pleasant associations, is not yet free from disturbing influences. A comparatively short time ago we were anxiously looking forward to the erection of this building. Week after week until the weeks became months we cried to those who stood upon the walls: "Watchmen, what of the night?" They answered again and again: "The dawn is breaking,—it will soon be day." But night seemed to be gathering around us darker than before. At last we asked no more tidings of the watchmen, for all about us the signs of victory were bursting forth.

In the midst of these activities and changes we, the Class of 1904, welcome you to these, the graduating exercises of the first class to complete the college course as offered by this institution. We have looked forward to this event with pleasant anticipation, not with the thought of having successfully finished a prescribed course of study, but as an event which indicates our entrance into a broader and more useful avenue of life. Our ideals and visions of life advance and widen with greater rapidity than we are able to realize them. New fields of labor and need constantly appear upon our horizon. The little we have accomplished sinks into insignificance compared with that which lies before us. We are thus spurred on towards nobler and grander achievements in life. We glory, not because we have ideals, but that we are from time to time getting higher ideals. And the efforts of realization will cause us much happiness and inspiration.

Tonight we are gathered together as students, as graduates, as alumni, as instructors, as friends, but above all we are all assembled as American citizens. Welcome then, yea thrice welcome, fellow students, who have shared the trials and pleasures of school life with us. Welcome ye, instructors who guided us in the acquisition of knowledge, and presented to us visions of life beautiful. Welcome ye, who preach service as well as obedience, remembering that the Prince of Life came also to minister. Welcome ye, who are training the youths, to whom our country looks as its future guardians. Welcome ye, who in the various other walks of life are contributing towards the progress and welfare of humanity. In behalf of the Class of 1904, I greet you with a most hearty welcome.

Sentiment Roll

H. F. REIST—Sow good services; sweet remembrances
will grow from them.

NANCY KULP—Small in stature, but not so in mind.

F. S. EBERSOLE—In thy face I see the map of honor,
truth and loyalty.

LULU GREENWALT—They say she knew much that she
never told.

M. C. LEHMAN—I've made up my mind to do great
things.

FANNIE E. COFFMAN—Age cannot wither her, nor cus-
tom change her infinite variety.

J. E. HARTZLER—Life's greatest results move slowly.

G. H. RUTT—With graceful step he walks the streets
And smiles at all the girls he meets.

C. E. BENDER—I don't know what I'll be;
I guess I had better wait till I see.

E. J. RUTT—I wish to be known as a philosopher.

ANNA H. KAUFFMAN—The noblest life is the one spent
for others.

A. B. RUTT—A truer, nobler, trustier heart,
More loving or more loyal never beat
Within a human breast.



DINING HALL

CLASS HISTORY

BY M. C. LEHMAN



ON September 28, 1903, the class of 1904 began its existence. For one year we have worked our way together through a few of the perplexing problems of a college course, and have enjoyed together a few of the ordinary pleasantries of college life. After June 22, and the graduating exercises in the assembly hall the class of 1904 will be no more.

At first our class numbered only eleven, but Anna H. Kauffman soon decided to join our ranks and so we are an even dozen of half-fledged college graduates. After completing the course of the Millersville State Normal School of Pennsylvania, at the request of our president, Miss Kauffman decided to teach in the normal department of Goshen College.

Frank S. Ebersole, another member of the class hails from the west. After living for a while in Nebraska he moved to Sterling, Illinois, and later graduated from the Latin Scientific course of the Elkhart Institute. Returning home he taught school but last fall decided to complete the course in Goshen College. In addition to his work as a student he has served as assistant teacher of mathematics.

C. Edward Bender, one of our eastern boys, has taught school in Maryland, and completed the normal course of the Elkhart Institute. After completing the course here he takes up a principalship in his home village.

Nancy B. Kulp formerly lived in Illinois, but after moving to Elkhart, Ind., she completed the High school course in that city and later took up work in the Elkhart Institute near her home on Prairie street.

A botanist would perhaps ascribe the steady growth of our class to the preponderance of *Rutts*. The Rutt brothers formerly lived in Nebraska and later in Illinois. In 1901 they, with their parents, moved to Elkhart, Ind., and last summer followed the school to Goshen. Guy H. Rutt completed the academic course of the Elkhart Institute and immediately took up work in Goshen College. Albert B. Rutt, after graduating from the Elkhart Institute, spent some time in different western states and then took up mission work in the city of Chicago. Eli J. Rutt has also taken work at the Elkhart Institute and after spending some time in Nebraska entered Goshen College.

Fannie Coffman, secretary of our class and matron at the ladies dormitory, formerly lived in Virginia, and afterward with her parents moved on a farm near Elkhart. At present her home is on Garfield avenue in the same city.

Henry F. Reist, another of our eastern boys and president of the class, has attended High school in historical Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Allured by the educational advantages of the middle west he took up the academic and later the college course of Goshen College. His past career has been one of those peaceful yet strenuous courses of steady development, marked by no momentous events, except a little ripple now and then to disturb the ordinarily placid waters of a calm self-possessed disposition.

John E. Hartzler can not deny that he is a Missourian. He was born in Indiana but moved to Missouri when about three years old. The different environment has so told on him that he can no longer be identified as an eastern man. After going through the

various experiences of farming, stock raising and threshing he decided to devote his life to pursuits more strictly educational and has now completed the course in Goshen College.

As to the class historian little need be said. It will suffice to say that his home is in Ohio where he has played the part of a farmer, High school student and country school pedagogue.

As a class we are the first to graduate from the course offered by Goshen College. Former classes have had to content themselves with an academic course. The courses of study we have been pursuing are such as to make us able to cope with the ordinary problems of life. How we shall use the culture of these few years in actual service for the world remains to be seen. We have simply put some of our own latent energy into such a form that it may be used for the betterment of our fellows.

After the exercises of this evening instead of the class of 1904 there will be twelve alumni of Goshen College eager to begin work for themselves. This will necessarily lead us into different fields of labor. Ten years hence we may be scattered to the four corners of the earth each chasing his favorite phantom, and pause for a moment to think of the class of 1904. Some of its members we have probably not seen since the day of graduation. We wonder if each is making a success of his chosen profession, and with it all will come a deep sense of the debt we owe our fellowmen for the training received at Goshen College.

As we are thus retrospectively viewing our few years of college life, how may we define the time spent in college? In one sense this question must be answered by each individual. In another sense we may say the work has had some characteristics shared by all alike. We have seen times when work has loomed up in such a way as to defy all effort toward its accomplishment. There have been times when we thought our instructors must certainly have more confidence in us than we ourselves. After Greek, Logic or Ethics examinations, however, we have sometimes felt ourselves monarchs or all we surveyed.

But what cares the world for what we have done here! The question of vital importance just now is what will we do. In all probability we are not the brightest class that has ever graduated from a two years college course. It is altogether within the realm of probability that we are not the strongest intellectually of all those students graduating from colleges in the year 1904. But we shall do our share in coping with the problems confronting the twentieth century.

The law of the conservation of energy holds true in the moral world as well as in the physical. Six years of training implies a life time of expenditure in service. Our service while in school will be only more strongly expressed in real benefit to the world after we leave school. The community, the church, and the state expect something of us and they do so justly. Classmates, how shall we reply to all this? Considering the duty we owe ourselves, each other as a class, and our fellowmen, but one answer can be given, thus: We shall endeavor by the most strenuous effort we are able to put forth, and by the help of a God of love and power to do something to bless mankind e'er we die.

Tonight the thought of parting and leaving not only each other, but fellow students, instructors and friends as well, is all but pleasant. With our minds and hearts bent on this resolution our efforts shall tend in the same direction and toward the same ideal. May the time speedily come when a history of the class of 1904 may be written not as so many data prior to and including a college course, but as so much service impressed indelibly on the lives of our fellowmen. May the class of 1904 be true to self, true to mankind, true to God.

Calendar

October 17—Part of the Faculty were out boating.
October 30—Ladies of the Dormitory gave a free museum exhibit.
November 2—"Yony" slept in Psychology class.
November 3—"Rudy" slept in Psychology class.
November 4—"Davy" slept in Psychology class.
November 5—"Whitmer" slept in Psychology class.
November 6—"Yony", "Rudy", "Davy" and "Whitmer" slept in Psychology class.



FEB. 20, SATURDAY, 10 P. M.

November 26—Moore was late coming to the Lecture.
December 24—Editor-in-chief took a flying trip to Ohio.
January 5—Opening of the winter term. Psychology changed from 1:00 to 2:50 P. M.
February 5—The "Octave" took sleigh-ride to Elkhart.
February 13—Prof. Smith learned to skate.
February 15—Preceptress called down the northwest corner of the "Octave".
February 26—F. E. Herr was out skating till after midnight.
March 5—Seniors had a social.
March 8—B. D. Smucker took a sleigh-ride.
March 13—L. C. Schertz swept the walk with his new bicycle.
March 27—A. B. Rutt, W. C. Ebersole and A. P. Huber, besieged in the music room, stormed with marbles.
April 1—A. C. Ramseyer called on S. Eighth street by appointment.
April 2—"Rube" staid at dormitory till after midnight.
April 22—The "Octave" enjoyed a "taffy-pull".
May 1—Whitmer and Hartzler had pie in the sub-cellar.
May 16—The "Octave" appeared in new Panamas.
May 17—The other "fellows" in new white hats.
May 21—The Seniors were entertained at the home of President Byers.



A VIEW OF THE CAMPUS

October 17
October 30
 scum c
November
November
November
November
 slept i



THE COLLEGE DINING HALL





READING ROOM

IN CHAINS

BY A. B. RUTT



WITH the birth of every soul there begins a struggle for freedom; a reaching out towards heights of perfection; a casting aside of weights; and a breaking of chains. The exuberance of the child's vitality breaks forth into action, and its whole being becomes a bundle of activities.

While this is true of the child we may lay equal stress upon it in animal life. Scarcely has the little bird burst the shell in which it was confined when there comes from within an impulse to put its wings into action. Day after day it struggles for a freedom that shall take it beyond the limits of the straw-built nest. Each week that comes and goes finds its pinions a little stronger. At last the day arrives when it takes wing and soars high into the vaulted skies.

Even in plant life there seems to be a struggle. The acorn has within it a latent force that tends to push itself outward and upward until it has spread itself into the mighty oak of the forest. The poet feels the life of the clod when he says:—

“Every clod feels a stir of might,
And groping blindly above it for light,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.”

No matter where we choose to look; whether it be the life of the child, the life of the bird, or the life of the plant, every where we see a struggle for freedom.

The path of man from his state of savagery until he has reached his highest degree of civilization, has been a continual struggle. But man today has won for himself physical freedom. Contrast primitive man with the man of today in the cultivation of the soil. The one gathered a few sticks as tools to aid him in sowing his handful of seeds; the other by the aid of modern implements tills his acres. To the one harvest meant going forth with the sickle and bringing in a few sheaves; to the other it means going forth with the harvester and gathering in thousands of bushels of golden grain.

For primitive man the bow and arrow was the chief weapon of defense. But since the invention of gun-powder, the bow and arrow have given place to the rifle and cannon. For many years the ocean fixed the limit of man's dominion. Even in 1492, when Columbus discovered the new world, the success of his adventure depended on favorable winds. Today we have our large ocean steamers that sail upon mid-ocean unhindered by tempest or storm.

In the days of Washington, the best available means for traveling was the horse and saddle; today we have our mighty systems of railroads that form a net work over the entire globe. Let us imagine the city of Chicago deprived of electricity for one day. No street cars to convey passengers from one portion of the city to the other; no power to set into motion the elevators of our large office buildings; no electric lights to illuminate the dark night.

In our struggle for physical freedom, we have so modified the heat of summer and the cold of winter that we may live as com-

fortably under the hot rays of India as under the cold waves of Alaska. The day has come when the chains that bind the physical man have been broken and we are free to go "to the uttermost parts of the earth."

In this, our struggle for freedom, let us bear in mind a higher freedom; one that gives us a broader vision of truth; that brings us into closer touch with nature, and makes the physical subservient to itself. Such is the intellectual freedom. Do we suppose that poverty and incessant drudgery can chain the man who is intellectually free? Can a physical misfortune seal the lips of a poet? Can a financial embarrassment chain the hand of an artist? History records the names of Lock, Burns, Bunyan, Milton, and scores of others who were physically bound but intellectually free. Lock, banished as a traitor, wrote his essay on the Human Understanding, hiding in a Dutch garret. Milton was not rich or at ease, even deprived of sight, when he wrote *Paradise Lost*. Cervantes finished his work a maimed soldier in prison. *Aracana*, which Spain acknowledges as her Epic, was written without the aid of paper, on bits of leather. Banyan, deprived of physical freedom, while in Bedford jail, brings into existence *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Let us mount up to heights where we can win for ourselves an intellectual freedom; a freedom that makes us master of our situation and totally oblivious to our physical servitude. The educated man, the man intellectually free, moves about in society with grace and ease; he is himself wherever he is found.

The boy who once looked at the great world of thought as something objective, far beyond his powers, now thinks the thoughts and makes the former something subjective. Where once the warrior, the hero, and the statesman stirred up within him a feeling of awe, of reverence, and of worship, now he associates with them as friend with friend. He finds within himself the same powers; he thinks their thoughts; he lives their life.

He who is intellectually free, wills and does. He has not a broken but a strengthened will. Whenever problems confront him he takes hold of them, deliberates and then decides. He has developed the ability of distinguishing between the good and the bad; the right and the wrong; the true and the false. The developed mind touches the hearts and lives of the multitudes. Quoting Daniel Webster's own words, "There was one thing I could not do: I could not speak before a school; I could not make a declamation." But he purposed, willed, and acted. With a strong initiative he set out to reach the top-most round. He struggled until he became master of his situation. It was then that he won for himself prominence at the bar; it was then that Congress recognized the newly developed powers of the New Hampshire boy; it was then and then only that he won for himself the name of being the greatest of American orators.

Physical and intellectual freedom though good as they be, are not sufficient for the highest happiness and usefulness in life. There is a higher freedom; one that satisfies the craving of the soul; a freedom that brings the self in complete harmony with its environment and makes life full of meaning; the freedom for living. Coming into possession of such a freedom we make life for life's sake worth living. Many think of life as only a preparation and were it not for some future existence the preparation would be worse than worthless. Away with wrong conception of life. Away with the pessimist for he only casts about him a shadow of gloom. But all honor and glory to the optimist who has the real essence for a life of usefulness and true happiness.

Bryon was in possession of both physical and intellectual freedom, but he lacked the freedom for living. His poems give expression to the mighty discord within the soul. It was only the mighty, the fearful and the destructive in nature that seemed to flow in harmony with his inner life. He was miserable; he was constantly revolting against society as he found it, because he had failed to secure for himself a freedom for living. He was unable to lead men up to his ideals because he failed to find the proper relationship to his fellows. And most deplorable of all, he lacked the true essential for living—harmony between the self and the laws within the self.

The state places the thief behind prison walls. It says you have broken my laws, therefore I will deprive you of your freedom. But suppose the state fails to find the thief, is he any less in bondage? The thief so long as he is a thief is in bondage for he has broken a law within himself that accuses him day and night, and haunts him in his dreams. Such a man is in chains wherever he goes. But he who has not broken the laws within the self is a free man. The state may lay its hands upon him; it may cast him

into prison but it cannot deprive him of freedom. He is not struggling to keep his life in harmony with the laws of the state but he is struggling to keep his life in harmony with the laws that lie within his own being.

There is a battle ground where no human eye has pierced,
Where great battles have been fought and victories won.
A battle ground hid deep within the human soul,
'Tis there we fight on Gettysburgs and Waterloos.

Let us picture to our imagination the Austrian phalanx, "a living wall of human wood," a mighty bulwark, an impenetrable column. On yonder side among his fellows we see approaching the unheard of Arnold Winklerede. In their advance each step is accompanied with a stronger heart beat. The sight of the outstretched spears in the phalanx increase their bravery. The bright blood in their arteries pulses forth in rapid succession. Faster and faster beats the heart. Quicker and quicker follow the steps, when suddenly Arnold rushes ahead of his fellows, grasping the spears within his reach and thrusting them into his own body, breaks the phalanx and falls beneath his comrades' feet.

Human eye has looked upon this struggle and because of his self-sacrificing spirit we have made the name of Arnold Winklerede immortal. But we must not forget that within his heroic heart was fought a far greater battle when first a complete harmony was brought about between the life and the self-sacrificing law within that life. Law is not written upon tables of stone but within the human heart.

The soul is constantly reaching out for truth, purity and a sweet emotional life. On the one side force and vitality, strength and power; on the other the laws that govern the expressions of these forces. The object is at war with itself. The true and higher self is struggling to gain the mastery over the selfish and low self. "He that findeth his life," this selfish life, "shall lose it; but he that loses his life, shall find it;" the true and higher life. We cannot think of the soul, when turned on it's upward path for truth, right and beauty, so Tompkins says "as having a life long struggle with the deadly serpent of sin." Plant and animal life move to their realization without plan or purpose. But it is far different with the soul; it distinguishes between the realized and unrealized self; it moves forward with a plan and a purpose. Thus while we are struggling for freedom we must remember that man is free to fashion his own life. We may carry the dead weights or cast them aside. We may remain in chains or break the fetters that bind us. We may live the low selfish life instead of the true and higher life. The poet says:

"Men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The soul that is longing for a complete harmony between the life and the laws within; that is longing for fullness of life, fullness of beauty and fullness of joy must bring itself into touch with a higher Self; a Self that is overflowing with love; a Self that is a perfect embodiment of beauty; a Self that is embosomed in purity; and lastly a Self that has for it's motto usefulness, truth and power. Let the soul come into touch with the Divine Self and then it will have power to come into possession of physical, intellectual and spiritual freedom.

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low vaulted past!
Let each new temple nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Seben Wonders

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| I. It's a wonder that the person who put his hand into the newly laid cement, did not get his foot into it also. | IV. It's a wonder to all the students what is being done with the money that was collected during the year by means of the \$5.00 fines imposed for every scratch on the furniture of the College. |
| II. It's a wonder that J. S. Yoder does not get over the idea of single blessedness after having studied Social Unity in ethics. | V. It's a wonder Prof. Smith did not use several more boxes of witch-hazel in order to get his arm in better shape for the Senior-Faculty ball game. |
| III. It's a wonder that there are no rules formulated which would render it unnecessary for the President to "call down" members of the faculty because of disorder in the hall. | VI. It's a wonder Prof. Zook does not abandon his profession as a language teacher and give lectures in the class-room on birds. |
| VII. It's a wonder that the Juniors do not let us know that they exist. | |

POWER OF IMAGINATION

BY J. E. HARTZLER



RULY has it been said that ideals lead the world; but most truly may it be said that they do not rule the world. There is a hidden power that over-rules the ideals and actions of every individual; I do not mean that power which rules the universe; I do not mean the power of kings and queens; I do not mean the power of a Hercules; but I mean that far superior, imperceptible power which controls every human thought and action; that power which generates our ideals; that power which determines our destinies both as a nation and as individuals; I mean the power of the imagination.

You may question my first proposition that the imagination rules the world. You may say that the will is the motive power of all human action; but is it? Napoleon spent his nights in fighting his battles in his imagination and only the next day when he had gathered sufficient will power did he make his victories a reality. The greatest poet enjoys his production long before he is able to transfer it upon paper. The greatest artist sees his picture through his imagination long before he is able to place it upon the canvass. The greatest musician enjoyed the harmonious strains of the "Messiah" long before he could make them a reality. It seems that great celestial reservoir of music flooded his imaginative soul faster than he was able to arrange the music upon the staves and unquestionably a great amount of those heavenly strains were never brought into audible or visible form because of the lack of secondary powers to make them a reality. To Columbus the New World was a pleasant reality long before 1492. As he sat alone on the wave-beaten shores of Spain and casting his anxious eyes across the watery waste, there was formed in his imagination a country to the west which was richer and flowing with more silvery streams than the old world; but not until enough will power was gathered did the new world become a reality to others. No scientist attempts the search for a law which has not already to a great extent been formulated and imagined in his own mind. No philosopher attempts the formation of his theory of existence or reality before it has proved satisfactory in his own imagination. No mechanic attempts the construction of a machine until it is perfect in his imagination. Watt's steam engine was working for years in his mind before it worked materially in his shop. Not until it has been perfected in the imagination of its inventors will the air-ship become a perfect reality. And so it is as Mr. Hillis has said, "The imagination working on iron and steel organizes engines, working on colors beautiful pictures are painted, working marble, statues are carved and erected, working on wood and stone cathedrals are reared, working on sound symphonies are created, working on ideals, intellectual systems are fashioned, working on morals ethical principles are constructed, working toward immortality it bids all cooling streams, beautiful trees, sweet sounds, all noble friendships report themselves beyond the grave." Upon the imagination then we may conclude

depends all our progress as a human family in the poetical, artistic, musical, inventive, political and religious realms; in all scientific and philosophical research.

Furthermore, the imagination is the architect of character, be that good or bad. The mind, we may say, is the character, for "as a man thinketh so is he." Man's soul is a great city with which the creator communicates through the mind. It serves the soul just as a telescope serves an observatory. The secret of life lies with the imagination. It forms all our ideals be they good or bad. Does any man own more farms than the young plow boy? Does any one aspire to greater achievement than the school boy? What books he writes; what machines the young mechanic constructs; what speeches the ambitious young orator delivers and what audiences he sways; what ideals of life the young man and woman set; all these are the forerunners of character and destiny of life.

It matters not how good a man or woman may be, how high their ideals may be set there still hangs above them ideals of better and nobler things still possible toward which this hidden power is still urging them. The heroes of the past have not been sustained by strong speeches nor writings, armies nor swords, but by the sight and realization of this invisible power, and our noblest characters are built in no different way because progress in the formation of character is nothing less than the following and realizing of the visions and ideals of the imagination.

But it is equally true that if visions of purity and beauty exalt, visions of vice will degrade. It is not what a man does outwardly but what visions he has inwardly, that determines his character. No greater evil can be committed against the Creator than the abuse of this most important power. Could all the human imagination be pictured upon a canvass very few would be the murderers, very few would be the deceivers, very few would be the ravaging, deleterious wolves that destroy the purity and prosperity of society. Not until the individuals free themselves of the impure thought and take upon themselves the cloak of pure and sincere imagination can we expect as individuals, as a society, and as a nation to attain to the ideal. Let our poets sing of the ideal, let our artists paint their esthetic beauties of nature, let our statesmen present their ideal political reforms, let our divines preach their religious idealisms, but let you and I teach this hidden and most sacred power, the imagination, as the all powerful element in the advancement of civilization, in the development of a pure ideal society, development of a noble individual character, and in the preparation of a highway which will lead the soul to immortal glory.



ROBERT BURNS

BY C. E. BENDER

THE year 1759 may well be called a memorable year for Great Britain. During this year she saw some of her greatest triumphs. It was the year when she routed the French army of Menden; when she destroyed the French fleet at Quiberon; when Wolfe died as a victor on the heights of Abraham, and the dream of French supremacy upon the American continent vanished forever; when Robert Clive founded the British empire in India, and Col. George Washington had planted the British flag on the field of Braddock's defeat in America.

Not only was the genius of Great Britain displayed in politics and war during this year. James Watt was testing the force of steam; Hargreaves was inventing the spinning jenny. In this year Garrick was the first of actors and Sir Joshua Reynolds of painters. Gibbon began the history of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." In short, it was a year of decisive events in the course of history, and of men whose fame is an illustrious national possession. But among those events none is more memorable than the birth of a son in the humblest of Scotch homes; and of all that renowned and resplendent throng of statesmen, soldiers and inventors, of philosophers, poets and historians, whose fame filled the world with praise, not one is more fondly and gratefully remembered than the Scotch plow-man, Robert Burns.

This was the blended poet and man—one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Today this great benefactor of the humble class represents in the minds of men, the great armed uprising of this class against the armed and privileged minorities—that uprising which worked out politically in the American and French Revolutions, and which not in government so much as in education and social order, has changed the world. Burns' sentiments were absolute freedom. His muse and teaching was common sense, joyful, aggressive, and irresistible.

Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and under conditions the most disadvantageous, where the mind of Burns accomplished aught under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, he sinks not under all these impediments; through the fog and darkness of that obscure region, his lynx eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrespressible soul, he struggles forward into the arena and with haughty modesty lays before us as the fruit of his labor a gift, which time has now pronounced imperishable.

Though Burns lacked means to take a college training, he seized every opportunity to learn. He ate his dinner with a fork in one hand and a book in the other. He carried a few small volumes in his pocket to study in spare moments in the fields. He pored over his collection of songs while driving his cart or walking to labor, carefully noting the true, tender, sublime. He lingered over his ballads in his cold room by night; by day, whilst whistling at the plow, he conceived new forms and was inspired by new ideas.

His genius flows over all living and lifeless things with a sympathy that finds nothing mean or insignificant. An uprooted daisy becomes in his pages an enduring emblem of the fate of artless maid and simple bard. He disturbs the nest of a mouse and finds in the "timorous beastie" a fellow mortal doomed like himself to "thole the winter's sleety dribble," and draws his oft repeated moral. He walks abroad, and, in a verse that glows with light of its own rising sun, describes the melodies of a "summer Sunday

morn." He loiters by Afton water and "murmurs by running brook, a music sweeter than its own." He stands by a roofless tower, where the "owllet mourns in her dewy bower, sets the wild echoes flying," and adds to a perfect picture of the scene his famous vision of "Libertie."

No poet, whatever his race or age, has by his songs, so completely won the affection and admiration of his country-men as Robert Burns. For more than a century his name has been a household word, and his sentiments a powerful reality. His songs have passed into the air we breathe, they are so real that they seem living beings rather than words. They have touched all hearts, because they are the breath of his own; not polished cadences, but utterances as spontaneous as laughter or tears. Song "gushed from his heart, as rain from the clouds of summer, as tears from the eyelids start." There is the march of veterans, the vehemence of battle, the wail of woe; there is the smile of greeting and the tear of parting friends; there is the gurgle of streams, the rustle of barley rigs, the roar of the wind through the pines, the thunder in the hills—in short, all Scotland is in his verse.

How kind and warm a soul—so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things. How true a poet was he. How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal nature, and in her bleakest providence discerns a beauty and a meaning. Not great, like Goethe in the stars, but in the homely landscape which the poor see around them—bleak leagues of pasture and stubble, ice, sleet, rain and snow choked brooks, birds, hares, field mice, thistles, daisies and heather, which he daily knew. He has given voice to nearly all the experiences of common life. He has endeared the farm house and cottage.

Both England and Scotland have given birth to few men, who, in point of truthfulness and sincerity, brilliancy and genius are the superiors of Robert Burns. Thomas Carlyle truthfully says: "His indisputable air of truth and sincerity is easily recognized in his poetry. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no wire drawn refinings, either in thought or feeling; the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience; it is the scenes in which he has lived and labored that he describes. These scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can, "in homely rustic jingle," but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them. Let him who would move and convince others be first moved and convinced himself."

Burns was a gift bestowed on us by Nature. She gave him the power of making man's life more venerable, but alas, he lacked that of wisely guiding his own. The spirit which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot, in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived.

Time and means were not allowed him for writing a tragedy, but through life he enacted one of the deepest tragedies. The world has since not witnessed so utterly sad a scene. Napoleon, himself, left to brawl, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main" does not present to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and of fear," as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer around him till only death opened him an outlet. And now pitying admiration, he lies enshrined in all our hearts in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble.

O thou cherished poet, your mantle fell when you were in conflict with the enemy of freedom, and thousands since inflamed with your spirit will protect the freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you so ardently defended and sustained by your labors. You began your career with a pathetic plea for universal brotherhood and charity, and your whole life was an arduous, incessant, never ending struggle, which left you broken hearted. And we can do nothing for you now but commemorate your lofty ideals of liberty, equality, and justice, and your earnest and courageous fidelity with which you contended for them, so genuine in your sincerity, so single-minded in your zeal, so heroic in your devotion.

CLASS PROPHECY

BY FANNIE E. COFFMAN

AFTER graduating from Goshen College in 1904, I decided to take up the nursing profession. I was engaged in Chicago until the year 1910 when an epidemic broke out in the Hawaiian Islands and there was a great demand for trained nurses. I at once prepared to go to their assistance and in company with a number of others arrived at Honolulu in time to relieve many a sufferer in that city. The people and climate pleased me so well that I concluded to make my future home there.

In 1925 I planned to take an extended journey for rest and recreation, and it occurred to me that it would be just the thing to visit all my old class mates of '04 of Goshen College.

Naturally I would first visit Goshen College, my alma mater. I knew I should find many changes there but hoped to find many familiar spots which would recall pleasant memories.

As I walked up Eighth street, I almost doubted that this was the place I once used to know. All the streets near around were paved, the campus was dotted here and there with beautiful new buildings and even the old college building was almost covered with ivy.

I had never heard that Anna Kauffman had left Goshen, so I concluded to stop at the place where she used to live and inquire about her. I rang the bell and she came to the door. After a few exclamations of surprise and friendly greetings, I asked her if she still kept roomers and how many she had. "Oh," she said, "I keep only one now, and he is here to stay. He thinks it is not good for woman to be alone."

I walked over to the college campus and stopped at Oratory Hall for I had been told that I should find C. E. Bender here. Yes, here he was, the teacher of oratory and a lecturer of wide repute. I took dinner that evening at his own home on College Avenue.

Philadelphia was my next stopping place. Immediately upon my arrival, I hastened to the Curtis Publishing Co., for here I was to see Mr. Reist, the successor to Edward Bok, as editor of the Ladies Home Journal. While I was waiting in the office for him, I picked up one of the Journals and looking through it, I noticed a page devoted to "Helpful Hints to Girls," edited by Violet. I wondered who this might be and concluded it must be some very modest person as the name signified.

When Mr. Reist came in, I asked him who this Violet might be. "Why," he said, "Didn't you know that Lulu is one of the regular contributors to the Journal? She is living in Atlantic City. I suppose you will stop there next."

I certainly had a most delightful stay at Atlantic City and I did not wonder that Lulu could write such helpful articles after I saw her in her beautiful home and heard of her work among the factory girls of New York. She accompanied me to New York where I set sail for the western coast of Africa. Here I was to find three members of our class.

I traveled only a short distance inland until I came to a large mission compound. I was told by a missionary from another station that this industrial mission had the reputation of being well Rutted and grounded in the faith, and I thought to myself, "Well, why shouldn't it be, if Albert, Eli and Guy are all there?"

I found Albert engaged directly in evangelistic work; Eli, in superintending the industrial work and teaching part of the time; Guy was striving diligently to direct the musical abilities of those dark skinned people and was also general overseer of the whole compound. I must not forget to say that each had a faithful assistant in his work, and a happier group of missionaries I had never seen.

I sailed around the southern coast of Africa and crossed the Indian Ocean to Australia. I expected to find Nancy here and was not disappointed. She had come here not long before to gather material for a new book she was writing. The setting was to be in Australia and she wished to be thoroughly acquainted with Australian life and scenes in order to make her work a success.

I did not stay here long but hastened on to South Africa. Here, whom do you think I found? Yes, the president of the S. L. A. What was he doing? Raising coffee in Brazil. That certainly seemed strange to me. I always thought he would continue in the teaching profession and he told me he thought so too at one time, but since he had occasion to visit Brazil on business and was so pleased with the country and climate that he concluded to buy a coffee plantation and make money. It may be that being class treasurer had something to do with giving him a love for money.

The Lehran coffee plantation is one of the most flourishing in that part of Brazil and the proprietor uses his wealth in aiding educational institutions wherever he sees one in need of assistance. It was largely his donation which built the new library at Goshen. Yes, and he supplies the College dining hall with coffee free of charge. Would that some one had been so generous twenty years ago.

I had yet to visit J. E. Hartzler and F. S. Ebersole. I left Rio de Janeiro and traveled along the coast north, then east through the Gulf of Mexico, and the recently completed Panama Canal to the Pacific Ocean. I continued my journey north to Oregon.

Here I found a worthy divine, a beloved pastor of a flourishing church in a small village. After I had been there a while, one might have heard a female voice calling to the pastor who had not yet been informed of my arrival, "Oh Frank, come in; we have a visitor whom I am sure you will be surprised to see." He was somewhat surprised but did not make much ado for that is not his way. Here I had one of those good old-fashioned talks about old times and by-gone days that one can have only with those whom one has known well for a long while, and, since I had known both the pastor and his wife at Goshen College, I heartily enjoyed my stay with them.

Going east to Missouri, I found J. E. Hartzler rounding up cattle on a large ranch. Everything around was up to date and in trim order. Nothing in his home that heart could desire was lacking. Mr. Hartzler seemed perfectly contented and happy. He had once aspired to the presidency of the United States but gave up the idea, saying that he believed he could feel more at home in Missouri than at Washington. I should have said that he paid a visit to Ohio before settling down in Missouri.

I had now visited all the members of the class and even though I had enjoyed my journey very much, I was glad to return home again.

As I sat in my room upon my return, I recalled our motto, "Culture for Service." Were we not all living it? Yes, each in his own way was performing a noble service for mankind. The culture received at Goshen College was bringing sweetness and light to many a weary burdened heart.



HISTORY OF GOSHEN COLLEGE

THE Elkhart Institute, as a school controlled by a body of Christian people came into existence on the 16th day of May, 1895, when fifteen men, members of the Mennonite church, drew up and signed Articles of Association. Their purpose was briefly expressed in the Preamble of the By-Laws which were adopted, "for the promotion of the cause of education and for the furtherance of God's kingdom upon earth."

Most prominent among these pioneers who thus launched a new enterprise in the Mennonite church were J. S. Coffman, D. J. Johns, Jonathan Kurtz, H. A. Mumaw, Herman Yoder and J. S. Hartzler. To these leaders and their co-workers the coming generations will look with unceasing gratitude as they more and more appreciate the importance of the work that was founded on that 16th day of May.

Two of these men have been called to their reward—J. S. Coffman, who because of his large acquaintance and his widespread reputation as an evangelist, was able to do more than any one else in interesting the Mennonite people in general in this new phase of church work, and Herman Yoder, a man of good business sense, who was very helpful in the financial affairs of the new venture. Another man who took an active part in the work after he saw actual results that proved its worth, Lewis Kulp, has also been taken from us. His interest and practical help aided much in making possible the extension of the work in recent years.

The first plans of the founders were perhaps best stated in a proposition presented to the Century Club of Elkhart, in which the aim was stated as follows:—"It is the aim to establish an institution which shall rank with the leading denominational schools of the country, maintaining courses of study in the ancient and modern languages, the sciences, literature, history, philosophy, etc., as well as in religion and morals, and to raise in the next five years at least \$50,000, for equipment and permanent endowment." But it is evident that they overestimated the liberality both of the Elkhart citizens and of the Mennonite people, since these plans which they hoped to carry out in five years have been delayed at least twice that length of time.

The school, as first conducted, was almost exclusively a local commercial and normal school. The first decided change in the policy of the management went into effect in August, 1898, when for the first time a corps of instructors was secured that worked in harmony with the Board of Directors. The nature of the school was also changed, in that an attempt was made to develop a strong college preparatory department which would hold students for a more extended course of study. Because of the enthusiastic co-operation of all the teachers and a growing body of loyal students, rapid progress was made during the next few years.

Up to this time the school was managed by a board of nine directors all of whom lived in Elkhart county, Indiana, and a significant change was made when the board was enlarged to the number of twenty-five so as to include representatives from all of the church districts in the United States and Canada. This board was elected on August 17, 1901, and under its direction plans were at once formulated for finding a more suitable location for enlarging the school into a college and Bible school. As a result Goshen College was opened on September 29, 1903, and began to do the work with an equipment which the founders had evidently hoped to supply five years earlier.

While many unforeseen difficulties have delayed the progress of the work yet we have good reasons for praising a kind providence that has led us hitherto and gives us bright hopes for the future of Goshen College.

CHRONICLE OF THE DORMITORY

BY K. B.

NOW it so came to pass in the year 1903, on the 28th day of the month which is called the ninth month, on the second day of the week, that as the maidens did come to the City of Goshen to a place of wisdom and learning, that it was said unto them, "Behold, we have built an house of habitation for thee, and a place for thy dwelling, wherein never man yet lived, wherein thou mayest abide."

Wherefor the maidens also did rejoice and they did gather themselves together into the house of habitation by twos as they were commanded every one into their own rooms, and it came to pass that many days they did go in and out thereat.

Furthermore, in this house of habitation lived one who did oversee the maidens and she did instruct them and communed with them of all that was in her heart of which they should do. Now, these are the things of which she said unto them, "thou shalt do."

Surely thou shalt ask my permission to enter into a room and abide with her with whom thou wilt abide, without my permission thou shalt not change.

Furthermore, thou shalt furnish thine own linen, thine own towels, thine own soap and thine own napkins, thou shalt furnish every one her own.

Furthermore, it has been decreed that for thine own rooms thou shalt care, every one of her own by twos as ye are gathered together.

For any damage thou shalt do in this house of habitation thou shalt give an account thereof, yea even for every nail thou shalt drive into the wall thou shalt give an account thereof.

Again it shall come to pass that in the evening of each day that every maiden shall be in her own room from the eighth to the tenth hour, where she shall gain knowledge and skill in all wisdom and learning, after which it shall be told them by her who has the oversight of this house of habitation, "surely thou shalt go to thy bed of rest, wherein thou shalt abide until the morning hour. Neither shall there be light any more until the morning hour."

Again it hath been decreed that on the last day of the week which is called the seventh day, on the evening of that day, that thou mayest invite thy friends who ever they may be, into the room which hath been prepared for them. And behold it came to pass that as the young men did learn of this decree which had been made not many days after that many came into the house of habitation into the room which had been prepared and the maidens did meet them there and they did talk together of those things which had come to pass, and of those things which are and of those things which shall be.

Now the rest of the acts of the maidens of this house of habitation are they not many? So many that if thou wouldst thou couldst not enumerate them.

Heard in Passing

Prof. Byers—"When a student doffs his hat to a college professor, should the professor return the compliment?"

Frank Ebersole (assistant instructor in mathematics)—"Yes."

Prof. Byers—"He means arithmetic students."

Prof. Kurtz—"If you had lived in the Paleozoic era, what would have been your physical geography?"

Whitmer—"Land would have been where water is now—er—ah—well, it's rather hard to tell, even geologists don't know."

Prof. Kurtz—"What causes a cellar to become impure?"

H. B. Reed—"Strong butter."

Prof.—"The gravity of Jupiter being two and two-thirds times as great as that of the earth, what effect would it have on a horse if he were placed on Jupiter?"

H. F. Reist—"It would make him hollow-backed."

Prof. Byers—"When is a man not a man?"

E. J. Rutt—"When he is out of his universe."

C. E. Bender (in class-meeting) — "Mr. Chairman, haven't I got the floor?"

Prof.—"What is the result of a volcanic eruption when the mountain is covered with several hundred feet of snow?"

J. E. Hartzler—"It would blow the top off."

The Pages of this Book

all bespeak an energetic, cultured and progressive student body, and a careful perusal cannot help but establish the conviction that in many ways Goshen College is an ideal place to obtain an education. Why?

Here are a Dozen Reasons:

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| 1. Religious influences are strong. | 7. The literary societies are strong. |
| 2. The College is well equipped and the buildings are modern. | 8. Credits are accepted by the best Universities. |
| 3. Well trained and experienced teachers. | 9. Expenses are low and accommodations good. |
| 4. The location is pleasant and healthful. | 10. Many opportunities are given to earn expenses. |
| 5. Students come into personal contact with instructors of noble character. | 11. Students are aided in getting positions. |
| 6. Close associations of young people of high aspirations. | 12. Opportunities for physical culture given to both ladies and gentlemen. |
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If you are convinced that it is the school for you, it may also be for your friends. Can you convince them?

Goshen College.

Are You Entirely Satisfied

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